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THE JUNTO.

A POEM.

ЛИТО

А

РОЕМ.

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Diram qui contudit Hydram. Hor.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XII.
Price *Six Pence.*

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PREFACE.

THE *Author of the following* Poem *is not at all ſollicitous about its Succeſs; remembring Mr.* DRYDEN's *Obſervation, That* WIT and FOOL are Conſequences of WHIG and TORY. *He thinks himſelf ſecure of having much the* Greateſt *Party on his Side, and therefore according to his Adverſaries own Way of Arguing, the* Beſt. *If they ſhall object againſt ſome of theſe Lines, which deſcribe the Undertakings of their Friends, as Low and Flat; they may take the Anſwer of a certain* Cambridge *Gentleman,* "*That the Muſe is* "*ſuited to the Subject, that the Cadence of the* "*Verſe expreſſes the Lowneſs of their Actions, and* "*that the Proceedings of the Pack are very pro-*"*perly celebrated in* Dogrel. *And as to that Part which is Panegyric, there's no need of lofty Figures and the Bright Ornaments of Poetry: Only to Name* ſome Perſons *is to Praiſe them; and a true Relation of their Actions is the higheſt Encomium. This is according to the Judgment of the Beſt* Whig Poet, *who concludes his* Poem* *with this Obſervation on the Exploits of his Hero:*

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* *Addiſon's* Campaign.

Rais'd

PREFACE.

Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine Charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint 'em trueſt, praiſe 'em moſt.

If therefore they will allow the Writer to be a Faithful Hiſtorian, *he will readily renounce all Claim to the Title of a* Poet. *But if they are ſo ill-natur'd as to deny him even This; He has only one Thing more to ſay, That he hopes this imperfect Performance may ſerve (like the faulty Edition of the Doctor's Tryal) to divert ſome Perſons, till ſomewhat more correct of this Nature ſhall be preſented to the Public.*

THE

THE JUNTO.

WHen Men of Parts, with Indignation fir'd,
Arm'd with bright Truth, and Zeal Divine inſpir'd,
In midſt of *Perils*, dare withſtand the Rage,
And ſtem the Tide of a licentious Age;
Tho' Floods of Vice o'erwhelm the ſacred Cauſe,
Sinking they riſe, and gain the World's Applauſe.
But if Succeſs the glorious Effort crowns,
And *Fortune*'s gayeſt Smiles ſucceed her Frowns;
If Thoſe, who firſt conſpir'd the Hero's Fall,
Cover'd with Shame retire, deſpis'd by All;

The great Event proclaims the juſt Deſign,
And with redoubled Rays the Victors ſhine.

Aſpiring *Schiſm* had rais'd a num'rous Band,
And boldly *ſtalk'd thro' this diſtracted Land.*
New monſtrous *Sects* ſprung up, which unreſtrain'd
With impious Hands our Sacraments profan'd.
Rebellious *Saints*, pretended Sons of Grace,
With Holy Cheat, conform'd, to gain a *Place.*
From Theſe, *Socinians*, *Deiſts*, *Atheiſts* bred,
In Noon-day Light infectious Poiſon ſpread.
To higheſt Poſts advanc'd, Thoſe ſway'd the State,
Who tow'rd the Church had ſworn eternal Hate.
Moſt of her *Mitred Sons* refus'd their Aid;
Or join'd the *Faction*, and her Rights betray'd.
The Pious QUEEN, oppreſt with anxious Fears
Had but one LADY left to eaſe her Cares;

But One in all her Court, to whom, diſtreſt
She dar'd reveal the Secrets of her Breaſt.
Surrounded thus with Foes in ev'ry Place,
Apparent Ruin ſtar'd us in the Face:
But *Moderation* with Infernal Charms,
Seal'd down our Eyes, and folded up our Arms.

A DOCTOR then with kind Compaſſion roſe,
Call'd out, and wak'd us from *this ſad Repoſe.*
We lay, like Men that ſlumber on the Shore,
Nor ſaw the Waves approach, nor heard them roar:
Rouz'd by his Voice, the foaming Tide we ſpy;
Amaz'd, ſtart up; and from Deſtruction fly.

To *Paul*'s Majeſtic Dome He came in State,
Where gazing Crowds in Expectation wait:
His graceful Preſence into Silence awes
The vaſt Aſſembly, and Attention draws.
He ſpoke; and Painted in the livelieſt Strain,
The Church's Ruin, and the Nation's Bane:

The State uſurp'd by crafty, turn-coat Knaves;
Our Altars ſerv'd by vile, Apoſtate Slaves:
Our holy *Faith* of all Support depriv'd;
Religion dead, and Hereſy reviv'd:
Our watchful Friends, that told the Danger near,
In Safety *Voted*, and forbid to fear.
Then in pathetic Phraſe, he ſtrove t'excite
Our ſlumb'ring Courage, and our Hearts unite:
Urg'd us, with Zeal t' aſſert invaded Laws,
Our Church defend, and vindicate her Cauſe.

Theſe Truths were ſoon thro' Town and Country ſpread,
The *Churchmens* Joy, and *Politicians* Dread.
Volpone's Cheeks the frozen Blood forſook;
Clodio was all in Flame, and *Triton* ſhook;
Sigillo's ſtunn'd, and young *Cethego* fir'd;
And Rage, *Bathillo*, not his Muſe inſpir'd.

The *Junto* meets, whilſt Anger and Diſdain
Each Heart diſtends, and burns in ev'ry Vein;
But fierceſt Paſſion ſwell'd *Volpone*'s Breaſt,
And his Reſentment moſt inflam'd the Reſt.
'Tis ſtrait reſolv'd, this DOCTOR ſhould be made,
A ſad Example of the Prieſt-craft Trade;
And ſtand recorded down to future Times,
For *Miſdemeanors* fin'd, and *Higheſt Crimes*:
That grave *Divines*, of their Revenge afraid,
Might ſilent ſee the *Church* and QUEEN betray'd.
High Crimes His were, no doubt, who dar'd diſcloſe
Their vile Deſigns, and Trait'rous Arts expoſe.
Such bold Attempts in *Prieſts* might well ingage
The *Junto*'s Fury, and the *Senate*'s Rage.

The ſervile *Senate* brib'd, and kept in Pay,
Their Maſters raſh Commands with Haſte obey.
Before their Bar, the DOCTOR call'd, appear'd;
And undiſmay'd his Accuſation heard.

With modeſt Boldneſs, and becoming Pride,
He own'd the Action, but the Crime deny'd.
This firm, unmov'd Deportment, vex'd Them more
Than all th' audacious Truths he ſpoke before.
They thought, at leaſt, he'd from the Danger fly,
His Fault confeſs, and give himſelf the Lie.
But ſince, this Way, their Pow'r he ſcorn'd to ſhun;
He's by *Impeachment* doom'd to be undone.

Calm and unchang'd, he ſaw the riſing Storm;
And Ruin threat'ning in the darkeſt Form:
No Face of Terror arm'd, his Soul ſurpriz'd;
He ſcorn'd the Danger, and the Shame deſpis'd.
A Soul like his, the *Saints* of old inform'd;
Such fervent Zeal their tow'ring Spirits warm'd:
With Joy they follow'd their *Celeſtial Guide*;
And Croſſes, Racks, and Flames, ſecure defy'd.

The Day appointed came: The DOCTOR roſe,
Bright like the Sun, prepar'd to meet his Foes.

No Cloud was ſeen; no Guſt of Paſſion ſhook
His 'ſtabliſh'd Heart, or diſcompos'd his Look.
Serene, he mounts the Chariot of his Friend;
Which drawn in Pomp, Tumultuous Crowds attend.
T'allay their Heat, with utmoſt Pains he ſtrove;
And calm th' Exceſs of their ungovern'd Love:
But all his ſoft Intreaties prov'd in vain,
T'aſſwage their Paſſions, and their Rage reſtrain.
The Grand *Proceſſion* ſlowly paſt along,
Amidſt the loud Applauſes of the Throng:
And all Men own'd, as He in Triumph rode,
The *People's Voice* was then the *Voice of God.*

Thus, if with Small, Great Things may ſtand compar'd,
Thro' *Salem*'s Streets *Meſſiah* paſt rever'd.
Th' aſpiring Tow'rs with Acclamations rung,
Whilſt ardent Crowds ſublime *Hoſannas* ſung:
Which had they ceas'd, by envious Rulers blam'd;
The vocal Stones had *Sion*'s King proclaim'd.

The *Weſtern Hall* had been with Art prepar'd;
For Tragic Acts the dread Tribunal rear'd.
Affronted *Juſtice* hides her bluſhing Face;
And with Diſdain forſook th' injurious Place:
As when *Impeach'd* great LAUD and STRAFFORD ſtood;
And clear'd the Way for Streams of *Royal* Blood.
In this fam'd Place th' Auguſt Aſſembly meet,
And nicely rang'd in decent Order ſit.
The Noble *Peers* the middle Space poſſeſt;
Their Rank by various Robes and Seats expreſt.
The mighty *Commons* on the Right were plac't:
The Left the *Beaus*, and charming *Ladies* grac't.
Below the *Commons*, and without the *Bar*,
Their *M*———*rs* with furious Aſpect ſtare.
High at the Upper End the Pious QUEEN
In cloſe Apartment, ſaw and heard, Unſeen.
A Curtain drawn from gazing Eyes ſecur'd
The *Royal Dame*, and Majeſty obſcur'd:

Who, when the noiſie Mongrels bark't aloud,
Like Silver *Cynthia* ſhone behind a Cloud.
The Trophies brought from *Blenheim's* glorious Field,
Aloft diſplay'd a grateful Proſpect yield:
Whilſt in this ancient Dome, at once are ſhown
The Spoils of Arms, and Triumphs of the Gown.

Now loud Huzzas, that reach the diſtant Sky,
And Shouts confus'd proclaim the DOCTOR nigh.
The *Hall* reſounds, ſhook by the people's Voice:
The frighted *C——ns* trembled at the Noiſe.
The DOCTOR enters, and with Humble Grace,
Approaches to the Bar, and takes his Place.
His *Counſel* by, that 'Spite of Threatnings dar'd
His Cauſe maintain; nor *L——ds* nor *C——ns* fear'd.

Fam'd STANHOPE near, and ATTERBURY ſtand,
SMALRIDGE, with ſteady MOSS, a glorious Band.

These All to grace the *Church's Champion* came;
Their Care, their Courage, and their Cause the same.

To ATTERBURY's Style all Pens submit,
In fine Expressions, and in Turns of Wit.
At Church, his Aspect grave attracts the Sight;
His Angel Tongue moves Wonder and Delight.

When STANHOPE preaches, All in Silence hear;
His Voice, by Music form'd, charms ev'ry Ear:
And when He writes, in unaffected Lines,
With sweetest Force, our Native Language shines.

In MOSS and SMALRIDGE, equally we find
The smoothest Words with strongest Reason join'd;
Pure Learning, brightest Thoughts, and deepest Sence
Flow in the clearest Streams of Eloquence.

Such Friends, the Glory of the Sacred Tribe,
Danger can't frighten, nor Preferment bribe.

Not one of Theſe, by Trimming, e'er wou'd pawn
His Faith and Conſcience, to procure the Lawn:
Or e'er, like *K——t*, ſcandalouſly mean,
Make *Atheiſts Saints* to make himſelf a *Dean*.
Theſe Four, if Heaven our ardent Wiſhes crown,
Shall reach the higheſt Honours of the Gown.

The Farce begun: With curious Skill and Art,
Each *M——r* in chief perform'd his Part.
Some ſpoke a tedious Hour, but nothing ſaid:
Their borrow'd Speeches Others could not read.
Th' Acuteſt of the Pack, devoid of Shame,
Maintain'd *Rebellion* by *Reſiſtance* Name.
They fairly gave the QUEEN to underſtand,
She reign'd the Creature of their forming Hand:
That all Her Title to the Regal Throne
Was Built on *Acts* of *Parliament* alone;
That Their Conſent advanc'd her to the Crown;
And ſince They ſet her up, cou'd pull her down.

Then at the DOCTOR, with invenom'd Spite,
They rail'd in Mood, and *Billingſgate* polite:
Call'd him vile Names, *Incendiary*, *Tool*,
Infernal Angel, *Villain*, *Knave*, and *Fool*.
Ingenious Thoughts in Phraſe Genteel convey'd
Their Temper, Breeding, and bright Parts diſplay'd.
Such were the Men, choſe out, as Foes profeſt
To plead the *Good Old Cauſe*, and roaſt the *Prieſt*.
Nor could they've found Men worthier of the Place,
The *Senate's* Scandal, and the *Robes* Diſgrace.
To all they ſtood conſpicuous, thus preferr'd;
All Face and Feathers, like th' *Athenian* Bird.

Learn'd HARCOURT then defends the DOCTOR's Cauſe,
With Courage, Judgment, Eloquence, and Laws.
His Nervous Proofs the *M*———*rs* confound;
And copious Sence confutes their empty Sound.
The Audience charm'd a fixt Attention lends;
Whilſt, ſoft as *April* Show'rs his Speech deſcends.

His Looks, his Voice, his Words, his Action, shew'd
The *Greek* and *Latian* Eloquence renew'd.

Next PHIPPS's Plea in diff'rent Channels flows,
And with impetuous Force their Banks o'er-throws.
His learn'd Defence, and Courage, justly claim
The Second Order in the Rank of Fame.

The other *Three*, with noble Ardor warm'd,
Their Parts assign'd, in various Ways, perform'd.

The DOCTOR last, to clear himself from Crime,
With Aspect bold, submissive, yet sublime,
Speaks in such Terms, as artfully express
His Sufferings undeserv'd, and sore Distress.
How difficult a Lot attends *Divines*,
When Man forbids what God himself injoins:
A future Loss, if silent, they must fear;
And if They freely speak, They're ruin'd here.

How ſingular His Fate, to ſtand arraign'd,
For what ſo Many Their own Thanks had gain'd:
Impriſon'd, Try'd, for acting by Command
Of Laws Divine, and *Statutes* of the Land.
Then, in Contempt of all his mighty Foes,
Of paſt Misfortunes, and of future Woes,
He vindicates the *Doctrine* taught before,
Maintains the Sacred Character he bore;
Himſelf th' *Embaſſador* of *Chriſt* declar'd,
By Threats not daunted, nor by Sufferings ſcar'd;
Confirm'd, unmov'd; and rather than deny
His Maſter, or his Truths, prepar'd to die.

No Speech was e'er more exquiſitely wrought,
Of finer Words compos'd, or juſter thought;
Such moving, diff'rent Strains of Eloquence,
Such ſoft Perſuaſion, and ſuch bold Defence.
Nor *Tully*, nor *Demoſthenes* e'er ſpoke,
With more harmonious Voice, or graceful Look.

Such Words, pronounc'd with ſuch an Air, impart
Wonder, or kind Regard to every Heart.
The *Ladies* weep: The QUEEN Her ſelf appears,
Clouded with Grief, and dropping Royal Tears.
The *Man———rs* a ſtrange Concern betray'd,
Surpriz'd, inrag'd, confounded, and diſmay'd.
The whole Aſſembly, ſilent, charm'd, amaz'd,
With ſtedfaſt Looks upon the DOCTOR gaz'd.
Thus at the Bar, for *Chriſtian* Doctrines preach'd,
Saint *Stephen* ſtood, the Firſt Divine *Impeach'd*.
Th' incenſed *Sanhedrim*, with vaſt Surprize,
Upon the glorious *Martyr* fix'd their Eyes:
Fluſh'd with the Sight of *God*, his radiant Face
Shone with Angelic Light, and Heav'nly Grace.

The *Tryal* o'er, the Noble *Peers* proceed
To canvaſs and debate this heinous Deed.
But NOTTINGHAM diſclos'd a grievous Flaw;
And ſhew'd, that all was contrary to Law.

The *Judges* too, with one Conſent, aver'd
Th' *Impeachment* faulty, and the DOCTOR clear'd.
Strait thro' the Town a current Jeſt it paſt,
The *Houſe* are Non-ſuited, the *Commons* caſt.
Howe'er the *Party* would not thus be fool'd;
Noſes are told, and *Law* by *Votes* o'er-rul'd:
By theſe, when Argument in Noiſe was drown'd,
The turbulent *Divine* is Guilty found.

At this, each *Saint* his drooping Spirits chears;
And pricks up his Predeſtinating Ears.
Heav'n had decreed, that *Antichriſt* ſhou'd fall,
And that the *Saints* once more ſhou'd govern All.
No more the Name of *Moderation* reigns;
Tis chang'd for *Fines*, *Impriſonment*, and *Chains*.
The Church's Friends, with Conſternation heard
The ſudden News, and for the Worſt prepar'd.
All ſorts of Men, with Hopes or Fears intent,
In ſtrange Impatience wait the grand Event.

But now, the *Factious Leaders* ſaw too late,
To what a Height They'd rais'd the Nations Hate.
The *Gentry* warm'd, and *Clergy* all inflam'd,
Their juſt Reſentment openly proclaim'd.
The furious *Mob* perfidiouſly deny'd
Th' expected Aid, and choſe the adverſe Side.
'Twas wiſh'd, They ne'er had undertook the Feat;
Or could with Honour make a fair Retreat.
And ſome declar'd, If e'er again They fell
To *roaſt a Prieſt*, Themſelves wou'd *roaſt* in Hell.

In this Diſtreſs, by *Moderation's* Aid,
They hop'd to heal the Wounds their Raſhneſs made.
A Sentence mild the vain Attempt ſhou'd crown;
And ſhew their Veneration tow'rds the *Gown*.
A Three-year's Silence only, ſhould atone.
For all *High Crimes* and *Miſdemeanors* done.
But All diſcern'd, from whence this Change was bred;
Their Mercy came, becauſe their Pow'r was fled.

Th' *Impeaching Wights* with Shame and Anger burn'd,
When thus their *Tragedy* to *Farce* was turn'd.
The Scene was chang'd; their fine Machines were broke;
And all their Thunder vaniſh'd into Smoke:
Their *Play* was damn'd; and with Contempt and Rage,
The blundering Buffoons hiſs'd off the Stage.

Here ended all This ſolemn Pomp and Show;
Theſe Preparations for th' intended Blow.
This *Whiggiſh* Plot, that rais'd ſo loud a Noiſe,
Was curs'd, and laugh'd at by the Nation's Voice.
Thus in the Tale, with univerſal Scorn,
The Mountains labour'd, and a Mouſe was born.

But let None think, This all the grand Deſign,
Only to curb one Inſolent *Divine*.

No; For much greater Ends 'twas All contriv'd;
To trace the Source whence Regal Pow'r's deriv'd;
Above the *Crown* to raiſe Their threatning Hand,
And ſpread their Terror thro' the frighted Land;
To quell the *Laity*, the *Clergy* teach,
What Doctrines to conceal, and what to preach;
To fix Themſelves ſecure, and *manage* All:
But Heav'n and Earth at once conſpir'd their Fall.
Like *Staremberg* in *Spain*, They won the Day;
And yet at laſt were forc'd to run away.
Like *Conjurers*, that Charms too ſtrong imploy'd,
They rais'd a Tempeſt, which Themſelves deſtroy'd.

Clear was the Day, when firſt They Anchor weigh'd;
On *Neptune*'s ſmiling Face the Sun-beams play'd.
Eteſian Winds, and brisk auſpicious Gales,
Favour'd their Courſe, and fill'd the ſwelling Sails.
But ſudden Clouds, and furious Blaſts ariſe,
The Seas incenſe, and darken all the Skies.

Back They are drove: The baffled Pilots found
The *Good Old Veſſel* almoſt caſt a-ground.
Pernicious Rocks and fatal Sands were near:
Amaz'd, They quit the Helm, and ceaſe to ſteer;
Yield to the Storm, in Hopes, by Chance to ſave
The precious Cargo from th' inſulting Wave.
But all in vain: The *High-flown* Tide prevail'd:
They're Shipwrack'd on the Coaſt from whence they ſail'd.
Thus, from *Æolia*, Old *Laertes* Son
A proſp'rous Courſe tow'rds *Ithaca* had run.
The well-known Shores and riſing Cliffs He ſpies;
And views his Native Land with longing Eyes.
A wondrous Bag all adverſe Winds contain'd
Impriſon'd cloſe, and all their Rage reſtrain'd.
In Hopes of Gain, his bold *rapacious Crew*
The Bag unty'd; and out rough *Boreas* flew.
The Ship, driv'n backward to th' *Æolian* Shore,
Shatter'd and torn, th' unfetter'd Tempeſt bore.

Fame ſpreads her Wings, and o'er *Britannia* flies;
Th' Event proclaims, and fills us with Surprize.
She tells, what joyful Shouts *Auguſta* rais'd;
How Steeples ſpoke, Illuminations blaz'd;
How all the *Town*, with Exultation, bleſt
The *Church*, the QUEEN, and the Victorious *Prieſt*.
This grateful News the fainting *Country* rears,
Her Hopes revives, and diſſipates her Fears.
The Groves and Streams, where *Echo* lately mourn'd,
With Accent ſhrill the Voice of *Fame* return'd.
In ev'ry Place, ſuch Marks of Joy are ſhown
As equalize the Triumphs of the *Town*.
The *Gentry*, *Clergy*, and all Ranks combin'd,
With loyal Hearts and Hands *Addreſſes* ſign'd:
By Theſe declar'd, How much their Souls diſdain'd
Thoſe *Points*, with ſo much Impudence maintain'd;
The Men condemn'd, whoſe *Management* of late
Deſtruction threaten'd both to Church and State.

Profeſt unmov'd Allegiance to the *Crown*,
Zeal for the *Church*, and Rev'rence tow'rd the *Gown*.

Wiſe HARLEY (whoſe profound, ſagacious Mind,
No Reach can fathom, no Contrivance blind;
Whoſe clear Reflection finds the ſecret Springs,
And Forecaſt ſure diſcerns th' Event of Things;)
To Court recall'd, a Project long contriv'd,
In this Conjuncture, with Succeſs reviv'd.
The QUEEN convinc'd, approves the Scheme He
drew;
The *Parliament* diſſolves, and calls a New.
But firſt the *T*———*r* his Staff reſigns,
By *G*——*th* conſol'd in incoherent Lines.
The *S*———*s* Both receiv'd a Foil;
DARTMOUTH *C*——*o* drove, and SAINT-JOHN
B———*le*:
SAINT-JOHN, to whom His bounteous Stars impart
The Poet's Flame, and Politician's Art.

The *Engliſh Bank* theſe Changes to reſtrain,
And *Hogen-mogen* interpos'd in vain.
Strange Times! when Traders ſtrive the Crown to awe:
And Little *States* to give Great *Britain* Law.

In fair Elections, *Suſſex* led the Way:
So bright a Morn preſag'd a glorious Day.
Spite of *Fanaticks*, *Whigs*, and all their Train,
PARKER and E'RSFIELD There th' Aſcendent gain:
True Patriots Both, whoſe Actions ſtill have ſhown
Their Country's Good ſuperior to their own.
For Theſe, the Men of firm and generous Hearts,
Of faireſt Fortunes, and of brighteſt Parts,
United ſtood: whoſe Names demand Renown,
DOBELL, and FULLER, CAMPION, FOWLE, and CHOWNE.
DOBELL and FULLER ſhall, whene'er They ſtand,
Secure their Int'reſt, and our Votes command.
Already CHOWNE has gain'd the *Port* deſir'd.
In Senate CAMPION ſpeaks by All admir'd:

Egregious Youth! whoſe riſing Genius warm'd
Sparkles mature, for High Tranſactions form'd;
Whoſe graceful Perſon, and capacious Mind,
All Nature's Charms diſplay by Arts refin'd.
Such Men our Cauſe eſpous'd: the *Clergy*'s Voice
Promoted, and confirm'd th' illuſtrious Choice.

This great Example ev'ry *County* view'd
With Emulation, and with Zeal purſu'd.
The *Church's* Friends ſuperior Votes adorn'd;
But *M*———*s* are curs'd, *Imp*——*rs* ſcorn'd.
The King of *S*———*y*, chas'd like Bird of Night,
Obſcure to *C*———*ſh* Borough takes his Flight.
Wheree'er audacious *Whigs* their Faces ſhew,
The ſtern Free-holders hiſs th' inglorious Crew.

From hence This great and learned *Senate*
choſe,
Our Friends exalt, and terrifie our Foes;

By BROMLEY's Conduct ſway'd, with ſearching Eyes
Diſcover Knaves thro' every dark Diſguiſe;
The ancient Fame of *Parliaments* reſtore;
The Changes paſt confirm, and haſten more.
In Secret Council ROCHESTER preſides,
And all the various Wheels of Action guides.
Grave *Synods* now the Church's Breach repair,
Since ATTERBURY fills the Sacred Chair.
The *Silver Spring*, which Health and Strength beſtows,
In copious Streams with even Current flows;
To ev'ry Part, by HARLEY's Care, convey'd,
With PAULET's, PAGET's, MANSELL's, BENSON's Aid.
But Theſe to HARLEY's Hands ſhall All reſign,
And Each in diff'rent Spheres exalted ſhine.
Victorious LEAK ſhall *Gallic* Pride reſtrain;
And *Neptune* yield the *Faſces* of the Main.
Iberia dreads the Thunder of our *Iſle*,
And trembles at the Name of Great ARGYLE

A *Peer* of long Deſcent, with genuine Rays
Of Native Worth adorn'd, *Hibernia* ſways:
No Monſters There malignant Venom ſhed,
Since ORMOND reign'd, and pois'nous *Clodio* fled.
HARCOURT and PHIPPS, with equal Honour, grace
The *Britiſh* One, and One the *Iriſh* Mace:
A juſt Reward that crowns, with vaſt Applauſe,
The Beſt Defenders of the Nobleſt Cauſe.

Theſe are Thy Works, O Charming MASSAM! born
To ſave our Nation, and This Age adorn.
With Joy You're ſeen at Court ſublimely plac'd,
Which Vile *Sempronia*'s Arts ſo long diſgrac'd.
She like ſome *Comet*, whoſe portentous Ray
Fill'd all the Land with Terror and Diſmay:
Like *Venus* Thou, whoſe kind, auſpicious Light
Sparkles aloft, and gilds the Shades of Night.
Your piercing Beams the *Junto's* dark Intrigues
Diſclos'd; and ſoon diſſolv'd their Secret Leagues.

To make us Slaves the Cloſe *Cabal* deſign'd;
And overturn both Church and State combin'd.
A Scheme for *Ariſtocracy* was laid,
The *Crown* depreſt, and *Coronet* obey'd;
A *General for Life* ſhou'd rule the Land,
And ſaucily diſpute the QUEEN's Command.
For This, with *Officers* the *Houſe* was throng'd;
Treaties rejected, and the War prolong'd.
The *Counſellor of Peace*, the Grand Support
Of Monarchy and Laws, was driv'n from Court.
With Hopes of Life a *Wretch* condemn'd was fed,
T' accuſe his guiltleſs Lord, and take his Head:
The *Little Villain*, rather than comply
With What the *Great* propos'd, reſolv'd to dye.
Awhile They reign'd: then ſprung their deepeſt Mine,
Which blaſted and o'erthrew their whole Deſign.
Thus all their Plots and Helliſh Projects fail'd;
And MASSAM's pow'rful Stars at length prevail'd.

Juſt Heav'n reſtor'd, by Her propitious Means,
The Beſt of *Servants* to the Beſt of QUEENS.
So, when thro' *Haman*'s Arts 'twas once decreed,
That All the *Jews*, with *Mordecai*, ſhould bleed;
With Tears the Beauteous *Eſther* ſu'd for Grace,
And from Deſtruction ſav'd her deſtin'd Race:
At Her Requeſt the Raſh Decree was chang'd,
Good *Mordecai* advanc'd, and *Haman* hang'd.

But Oh! What ſudden Cauſe recalls our Fears,
And drowns our riſing Joys in falling Tears?
'Tis Hard, the Brave, the Great, the Good ſhou'd ſtand
To Fate expos'd from ev'ry *Villain's* Hand.
But Providence forbad, ſome Angel broke
The Pointed Steel, and fruſtrated the Stroke.
No Private Hate cou'd to Such Deeds excite:
'Twas *Popiſh* Rage inflam'd by *Whiggiſh* Spite.
Secure once more, We Gratulations join,
Britain's Life, O HARLEY! ſav'd in Thine.

Shou'dſt

Shou'dſt Thou, Great Man! by Faction's Rage unhurt,
By ANNA's Favour, and Thy own Deſert,
To ſplendid Honours rais'd, with Luſtre wear
The Titles which adorn'd the Mighty *Vere:*
Permit us Then this Privilege to claim,
In future Years to uſe Thy Preſent Name.
That grateful Name, the moſt delightful Sound
To *Britiſh* Ears, ſhall flouriſh ſtill renown'd;
And lateſt Times with Admiration own,
That HARLEY ſav'd the *Mitre* and the *Crown.*

Now Tuneful *Goddeſs!* uninvok'd before,
One Task remains, indulge one Labour more:
Thoſe Noble *Peers* recount, who firmly ſtood,
And reſolutely brav'd the ſwelling Flood.
In whom no Sordid Aims prevail'd above
The Church's Glory, and their Country's Love.

The Wiſeſt and the Beſt, Diſtinctly name,
Their Virtues tell, and celebrate their Fame:
Tho' Both have ſoar'd with ſuch a boundleſs Flight,
No Strain of Verſe can reach th' exalted Height.

Great BEAUFORT's Name demands the foremoſt Place,
Who down from Kings derives his Ancient Race:
In Whom united all the Virtues ſhine,
That ever grac'd the Heroes of his Line.

SHREWSBURY next, from whoſe illuſtrious Strain
Conſpicuous Patriots riſe in ev'ry Reign:
To ſpread their Country's Fame Their chief Delight;
Diſtinguiſh'd ſtill in Council or in Fight.

With Age and Honour crown'd, undaunted LEEDS
To Theſe, with high Preeminence, ſucceeds.
The *Commons* dreadful Pow'r He once defy'd,
By Factious Rage Impeach'd, but never Try'd.

Fam'd

Fam'd BUCKINGHAM's Deſert, and Juſt Renown,
No *Muſe* can celebrate, except His Own.
Gladly we ſee Sage HAMILTON repair
From *Northern* Climes to breath our *Southern* Air;
By one Great Act his Country's Faults attone;
Who came ſo far to prop the Sinking Throne.

His *Grandſire's* Loyal Heart NORTHAMPTON ſhares;
His Zeal retains, as well as Titles bears:
Who, with Six Sons, when Civil Fury rag'd,
Shining in Arms, for Monarchy ingag'd;
With lateſt Breath his Prince's Cauſe maintain'd;
Dy'd in the Field, but Fame immortal gain'd.

To THANET's Worth, the grateful Nation pays
A conſtant Tribute of unenvied Praiſe:
In Virtue's ſtricteſt Path, from Court retir'd,
He lives; by None excell'd, by All admir'd.

In

In NOTTINGHAM profound, the greateſt Parts,
Improv'd by Tongues, by Sciences, and Arts,
Devoted to the beſt and Nobleſt End,
His *Church*, his *Country*, and his QUEEN defend.

Thy growing Fame, O ROCHESTER! aſpires,
And boldly emulates Thy Generous *Sire's*.
When *Rebels* arm'd by Hell, triumphant, brav'd
Heav'ns Vengeance due, and Earthly Kings inſlav'd;
The *Prince* Our Hope, to Foreign Countries fled,
His Conduct ſafe thro' various Dangers led:
Till to Fair *Albion's* Arms, her Exil'd Lord,
By Toils for Empire form'd, Kind Heav'n reſtor'd.
In Majeſty and Truth, His *Works* out-do
The *Greek Hiſtorians*, and the *Roman* too.
His matchleſs Hand in lively Colours paints
The Pious Frauds, and Villany of *Saints*.
Amaz'd We read, in each inſtructive Page,
The dire Confuſions of Fanatic Rage.

How ſmall the Riſe of ſuch prodigious Crimes,
Unparallell'd by All in Ancient Times.
By Him our *Princes* taught, ſecure might reign,
Curb but the *Faction*, and their Pow'r reſtrain:
But once indulg'd, They ſtrive for ſole Command;
Dethrone their Sov'reigns, and oppreſs the Land.
E'en now, their unrepenting Race renews
Their Fathers Crimes, and all Their Steps purſues.
For Action ripe, Late bleſſed Times, They thought:
But Too much Haſte their Own Deſtruction wrought.
This bold Attempt the Church's Friends alarm'd;
And ROCHESTER with wiſe Precaution arm'd.
With inborn Heat, and prudent Zeal inflam'd,
He quell'd the Monſters, and their Fury tam'd.
O Glorious Peer! Thy Country's Joy and Pride;
To *Britain*'s QUEEN, by more than Blood, ally'd:
Hereditary Parts, to Thee deriv'd,
Refulgent ſhine; and CLARENDON reviv'd.
Shou'd ſome ſad Turn of unpropitious Fate,
Deny Thy precious Life a laſting Date,

The Noble Race ſhall flouriſh ſtill ſupply'd,
And ROCHESTER again be ſeen in HYDE.

From Valiant LINDSEY down to ABINGDON,
Full Tides of Loyal Blood untinctur'd run.

In *Flandrian* Fields the Fame by SCARB'ROUGH gain'd,
Secur'd at Home, ſtill flouriſhes unſtain'd.
Holland and *France* have wond'ring ſeen of Late
Another VILLIERS ſhine in pompous State:
In Foreign Climes Who more than JERSEY known?
What Peer of greater Worth adorns His own?

The next is PAULET, Courteous, Bold, and Juſt,
To recent Honours rais'd, and higher Truſt.
Worthy the Title Pious CHARLES convey'd,
His Great Progenitor, in Arms, repay'd
The mighty Debt: but fought in vain to ſave
The Church and Crown, unfortunately brave.

His Off-pring now, for Both, in fierce Debate,
With other Arms ingag'd, and better Fate.

With Daily Plenty WEYMOUTH's Table ſtor'd,
Circled with Gueſts proclaims the Generous Lord;
Well pleas'd He ſmiles: yet greater His Delight
In Charitable Acts conceal'd from Sight.
What numerous Shoals to His Compaſſion owe
Relief, but not their Benefactor know!
To future Times renown'd ſhall WEYMOUTH ſtand,
For hoſpitable Soul, and bounteous Hand.

But where are Thoſe, O *Muſe!* that *M*——*s*
wear?
What! Did no *B*——*ps* for the Church declare?

Yes, Some there were, ——————————
——————————First Learned YORK appears,
And from the Reſt the Palm unenvied bears:

Who ſtill unblemiſht His fair Name ſecur'd,
By Frowns not ſhaken, nor by Smiles allur'd,
When He the Rule of Juſt Subjection lays,
Both Sides, forgetting Hate, conſent to praiſe.

LONDON and DURHAM, who in Youth had ſtood
For Crown and Mitre arm'd in Fields of Blood,
The *Good Old Cauſe* reviv'd, Indignant, view'd,
And all the Vigour of their Youth renew'd.
By Them bright Rays from Noble Titles drawn,
Dart Luſtre on the Church, and gild the Lawn.
Piouſly Valiant, and Divinely Brave,
They 'ſcape Oblivion, and elude the Grave.

This Place Another ROCHESTER requires,
VVhoſe hoary Age is warm'd with active Fires:
VVith inward Flames thus loſty *Ætna* glows,
And yet it's Top ſuſtains unmelted Snows.

To Learning's utmoſt Height His Mind has ſoar'd,
And all the Depths of Sciences explor'd.
In His Polite, conſummate Works, Divine,
Hiſtorian, Orator, and Poet ſhine.

Thou, BATH and WELLS, didſt once decline the See
By Providence reſerv'd at laſt for Thee:
'Twas Great, to merit this Illuſtrious Place;
But greater to refuſe the proffer'd Grace.
Or YORK or Thou, if Heav'n propitious ſmile,
Shall yet retrieve the Fame of *L*———*b*'s Pile.

With Theſe the Honourable CHESTER came,
The Laſt in Order, not the Laſt in Fame.
Whoſe Speech exact, and bright Rhetorick Flow'rs,
Freſh Life receive from Apoſtolick Pow'rs.
Thus ſome clear Spring thro' Braſs or Marble flows;
And Art on Nature Ornament beſtows.

These Six alone, of all the P——s, brav'd
The Party's Fury, and the Clergy sav'd.
Of Those Unnam'd, 'tis probable, a Few,
For weighty Reasons, decently withdrew.
Whilst *Ario* warm'd by S——*h* Fanatic Zeal,
Both spoke and acted for the Cause of *H*——.
With such *D*——*nes* our Holy *Church* is vext,
This Age's Shame, and Wonder of the next.
From abject Birth to high Preferment rais'd,
By *Churchmen* scorn'd, and *Presbyterians* prais'd,
Whom still They've serv'd in Moderation Times,
Their *Schism* advanc'd, and justify'd their Crimes.
But *Muse* forbear, no more Reflections raise;
Pass Those in Silence o'er Thou can'st not praise.
Tho' well deserv'd th' invective Rhime refrain,
And gratefully resume a nobler Strain.

Let CHANDOIS spotless Fame divert thy Rage,
With numerous Off-spring blest, and vigorous Age.

The

The BRYDGES Hence from ſuch Extraction born,
The Camp, the Senate, and the Church adorn.

To DARTMOUTH next direct th' ambitious Lays;
But his Perfections far tranſcend thy Praiſe:
Bright Parts to Letters join'd, from Pride remov'd,
By Virtues Charms exalted and improv'd.

For Twice Three Centuries STAWELL back can trace
The great Exploits of His Heroick Race.
Chriſt-Church, that rais'd the Seeds by Nature ſown,
Now claims this Youthful Patriot as Her own.

To GUERNSEY laſt the *Muſe* with Rever'nce bends;
With BEAUFORT She begun, with GUERNSEY ends.
A Peer, whoſe Courage and Perſuaſive Tongue,
The Generous Strain declare from whence He ſprung,

By His Defence, Sev'n *Prelates* 'ſcap'd the Claws
Of Arbritrary Pow'r, and *Harpy* Laws,
By NOTTINGHAM and Him, the Church once more
Guided in Stormy Seas, has reach'd the Shore.
Like *Leda*'s Sons, (but Both at once appear,)
They calm the Waves, and gild our Hemiſphere.

Theſe are the Chief by Blood and Titles known,
Who bravely made the Church's Cauſe Their Own:
By All Her Sons, with loud Acclaim extoll'd;
And in th' Eternal Leaves of *Fame* inroll'd.
Like Fixed Stars Theſe Patriots ſhine on High,
Tho' Tempers riſe below, and Meteors fly:
By Clouds obſcur'd, but ſhaken by no Force;
Their Influence conſtant, and unchang'd their Courſe.

Hail, Pious QUEEN! adorn'd with Heav'nly Rays,
Whoſe ardent Pray'rs recal *Saturnian* Days.
This Great, Auſpicious Turn, with bright Preſage,
A Glorious Reign inſures, and better Age.

We ſoon ſhall ſee, with Pleaſure and Surprize,
The Seats of Faction fall, and Temples riſe.
Paul's Sacred Fabrick, with ſtupendious Height,
Now Finiſht, glads our Hearts, and charms our Sight.
The Doctrine taught in This Majeſtic Pile,
New Life inſpires, and animates our Iſle.
If Things Below the Mind of Saints employ,
The Great Apoſtle looks from Heav'n with Joy,
And ſees, tho' *Whigs* the Fall of Both contriv'd,
At once his Doctrine, and his Church reviv'd.

Divines once more, with grave Religious Port,
To *Offices* advanc'd, ſhall grace the Court;
And All convince who ſcorn'd the *Gown* of Late,
That Thoſe who rule the *Church* can guide the *State*.
BRISTOL's great Parts in Foreign Kingdoms ſhown,
To whom their deep Intrigues are fully known,
By making Peace, unchangeable ſhall place
The *Churchmen's* Glory, and the *Whigs* Diſgrace.

From hence an *Æra* of new Time begun
The ſmiling Years ſhall lead in Plenty on;
And *Europe* find Repoſe, in ev'ry Land,
By BRISTOL's Head reſtor'd, and MARLBRO's Hand.

And, Thou, O *Oxford!* Learning's Ancient Seat,
The *Muſes* Joy, and moſt belov'd Retreat,
Exulting See Thy Worthy *Pupils* rais'd,
In *Council*, *Senate*, and in *Synod* prais'd.
Form'd in Thy Schools, and by Thy Precepts taught,
One, Single, Bold *Divine* has Wonders wrought.
Some Youth excite, in an Harmonious Strain
To celebrate This Part of ANNA's Reign.
With Pride fair *Iſis* ſhall to *Thames* convey,
And *Thames* to Court ſhall waft th' Immortal Lay:
There Shining MASSAM, ſhall with ſweet Regard
Smile on the Poet, and his Pains reward.
Were *Milton*'s Son alive, Secure from Rhime,
This Great Event had ſhone in Verſe Sublime:

Thrice

Thrice Happy Bard! whom HARLEY's Bounty fed;
And HARCOURT grac'd with Lasting Honours, Dead.
Wou'd *Yalden* tune His Lyre unstrung so long,
Great BEAUFORT's Name wou'd patronize the Song;
And *Wainflet*'s Pile wou'd Doubly Famous grow,
That nurs'd the Heroe, and the Poet too.
Let *Trapp* the Muse invoke: He best can draw
Those *Tragi-comic* Scenes He Daily saw:
Whom from His Friend no Terrors could divide,
Like Firm *Achates* by *Æneas* Side.
Hibernian Wits, by *Clodio*'s Frown unaw'd,
Will bless the Stranger, and His Flights applaud;
Shall own *Roscommon*'s Strain by *Trapp*'s out-done;
And yield the Laurel Crown to *Wadham*'s Son.
If These in Silence stand, nor dare rehearse
These Triumphs sullied by This artless Verse;
Then *Shippen*'s Voice the Lofty Theme shall sing;
Or *Prior*'s Hand at Last must touch the String.

With Nature's choiceſt Gifts *Britannia* crown'd,
For peaceful Arts, and pow'rful Arms renown'd,
From all the World divided by the Flood,
By Diſcord ſtill, has, more divided, ſtood.
Firſt Numerous *Kings*, as Partial Fortune ſway'd,
Victorious govern'd, or Subdu'd obey'd.
What Streams of Blood Contending *Barons* drew!
What Wounds were made, when *Mars* the Trumpet blew,
And call'd to Dubious Fields the *Royal Foes*,
Diſtinguiſht by the *White* and *Scarlet Roſe!*
The *Scots* and *Engliſh* Annual Wars employ'd;
Both People weaken'd, and Both Realms deſtroy'd.
Then Curs'd *Rebellion* toſs'd her flaming Brand,
And *Saints* with Fire and Sword conſum'd the Land:
The gaſtly Marks remain, the odious Scars
Of Pious Rage, and More than Civil Wars.
Hence Diff'rent *Parties*, arm'd with mutual Hate,
By ceaſleſs Feuds have ſince embroil'd the State;

Like Ebb and Flow, diminiſh'd, or increas'd;
By Turns exalted, and by Turns depreſs'd.
At Length Great ANNA ſpoke: Strait UNION ſhines,
And in Eternal Bands Both Nations joins.
MASSAM and HARLEY, by Her rais'd, diſpence
Aſpects benign, and Heav'nly Influence.
By Them convey'd, in Show'rs Her Bounties flow,
And Joy, and Pleaſure give to All Below.
All Quarrels now ſhall end, All Factions ceaſe;
And *Albion* flouriſh Bleſt with Laſting Peace.

So in th' *Abyſs* Profound, All Things ingag'd,
Confus'dly mixt in furious Battle rag'd:
Each Diff'rent Seed ſome other ſtill aſſail'd,
By Turns was vanquiſht, and by Turns prevail'd.
Th' ALMIGHTY ſpoke: His Pow'rful Words reſtrain
The Wild Uproar, and ended *Chaos* Reign.
Then, Firſt of Beings, Pure, Etherial *Light*
Shot thro' the gloomy Realms of Ancient Night.

The Active *Sun* ſoon rais'd His radiant Head;
And the Fair *Moon* Her various Influence ſhed:
In conſtant Courſe they bore Alternate Sway;
And as One rul'd the Night, One rul'd the Day.
Their Softning Ray the Crude Materials warms
For Nobler Beings, and Sublimer Forms:
Then Earthly Clay inſpir'd with Heav'nly Flame;
Compleated all this Vaſt and Curious Frame.

FINIS.